

The Trail



Number Six



April, 1923



THE TRAIL

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April 1923

Publication Committee

E. L. Hill

Prof. R. K. Gordon

H. R. Leaver

W. Dixon Craig

D. J. Teviotdale

Editor and Business Manager.

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The Senate Elections

The term of office of the Chancellor of the University and five members of the Senate expires this Spring. Following the practice instituted two years ago the Alumni Association has nominated a slate of its own and expects its members to give these candidates their full support.

For Chancellor

Hon Charles Allan Stuart, B.A., LL.B., LL.D.

For Members of the Senate

Hon. Alexander Cameron Rutherford, B.A., B.C.L., LL.D.

Mr. A. Balmer Watt, B.A., Editor of The Edmonton Journal.

Mrs. D. J. Teviotdale, B.A. (nee Agnes Wilson), Edmonton, Alta.

Mr. Charles Carswell, B.A., Barrister, Rimbey, Alta.

Mr. Charles Reilly, B.Sc., Calgary, Alta.

The Hon. Mr. Stuart has served the University as Chancellor since its inception and has been re-elected by acclamation. Dr. Rutherford needs no introduction to members of our Alumni Association, nor does Mr. Balmer Watt. Both gentlemen have at all times shown that they had the best interests of the University and its graduates at heart, and are worthy of our best support.

The remaining three candidates are well-known graduates of the University who have at all times taken a prominent part in student and Alumni activities.

Your executive, in nominating these candidates, feel assured that if elected they will render faithful service in their new duty.

Voting papers and a full list of candidates nominated will be mailed to all members of Convocation by the Registrar of the University at an early date. These must be returned to Mr. Race in time to reach him before 5 p.m., Monday, May 21st, 1923. Ballots will be counted on Tuesday, May 22nd at 10 a.m.

The Annual Elections

Enclosed in this issue of the "Trail" you will find a ballot paper showing the nominations which have been received for the various offices on the Alumni Executive for the ensuing year. You are requested to indicate your choice in the usual manner and return the paper to the Secretary in the envelope provided. Ballot papers must be returned before May twelfth.

If you have not yet paid the annual fee of Two Dollars, this should be enclosed in the ballot envelope when returning same.

The List of Nominations is as follows:

For President

D. J. Teviotdale (elected by acclamation).

For Vice-President

Miss Mamie Simpson, Miss Katie McCrimmon.

For Secretary

Miss Jean McIntosh, Miss Helen Edwards.

For Treasurer

R. T. Hollies, Roy Jackson.

For Historian

J. R. Drysdale, S. Bruce Smith.

The Annual Meeting

Convocation Day for 1923 has been fixed upon as May the sixteenth. The Annual Meeting of the Association will be held that day, the annual dinner the preceding night and a reception to the Class of 1923 on the evening of the 16th. A circular letter giving full details of these functions will be mailed to our members as soon as all arrangements have been completed. We are anxious to have as many Alumni as possible present during the two days and hope that all will make a special effort to attend.

OUR NEW COVER

Your attention is particularly directed to the improvement in the appearance of this issue of the "Trail" resulting from our new cover. For some time the Publication Committee has felt that a more impressive design was merited. The one now appearing for the first time was regarded as the best of some three or four suggested by Prof. James Adam. Mr. Adam invariably gives freely of his time and thought to the Alumni Association and this is but one more added to the many debts which we already owe to him.

LEST WE FORGET

We have recently received a letter from one of our members now residing in London England. The writer takes us to task because she has not received her last number of the "Trail." Unfortunately she departed from our midst without leaving us the slightest clue as to what part of the small burg she intended to inhabit. The name of our publication does not indicate that it will pursue an elusive graduate to the uttermost parts of the earth. There may be others who for reasons similar to those of the Lady in London feel that they are being neglected. In defence let us state that we have a mailing list of six hundred names. We try to keep it up to date. We make use of every available source of information and even resort to the ouija board. Even so, without the co-operation of our members it is impossible to reach everyone.

The members of the Editorial staff are busy people—just as busy as any of the members of the Association. They appreciate the indirect compliment of the Lady in London. They are glad to know that the "Trail" is so popular. That is their only recompense for hours and hours of work, freely given, in connection with collecting material and attending to publication and mailing. In this age when it is so difficult to induce people to give their time in public service it is not sufficient for us to simply express appreciation, but we should all assist our Editorial staff in their undertaking. Graduates could and should contribute news items that would be of great interest. Every graduate should make sure that we have his or her correct address. A moment's time and a postage stamp will do that much. More co-operation will make the work less onerous and more agreeable to our Editorial staff and more satisfactory to our members.

J. D. O. MOTHERSILL,

President.

STOBS AND GUSHERS

For revealing human nature no event is more effective than an exhibition of paintings. Many people are sensible, and have their likes and dislikes; or they may be simply mystified, in which case they try to gain understanding. But on either side of this golden mean are two extremes: those who gush, and those who scoff. All types were present at the recent university exhibition of paintings by the "Group of Seven."

Of all who saw the pictures, perhaps the sanest were the college freshmen; they had to be sane because they were expected to write a criticism of what they saw. Consternation showed large upon the freshman's face when first he entered the room. Surely these splashes of paint were not seriously meant to be artistic! What resemblance had these paints to the black and white prints he had studied in school? How could these be judged by the stock-phrases of his high-school art notes? What could he possibly write about this splash of scrambled pigments? Bewildered, he turned for relief to the quieter pictures on another wall, and then went home. Each succeeding visit, however, helped the freshman to see more clearly, because he was bent on understanding. Sometimes with a "quick stir of wonder" he felt the harmony of colours in a picture that had been meaningless before. Perhaps a hill aglow with an October sunset, or a deserted homestead poignantly alone first showed him the glory or the tragedy of familiar sights. Whatever it was that brought about the change, a change there was; and when now the spectator looked at the more conventional pictures, they seemed a little flatter than before, and the impressionistic paintings pulled him with a stronger tug. Whether he liked them or not, he felt that in these were freedom, strength and freshness. Some delighted him; others disgusted him; but all made him think.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings"—Too sincere to gush and too eager to remain in blindness, these students showed the sanest attitude; and not the least of their rewards will be to see through the poses on either side. Meantime they may be deceived into thinking that the vociferous ones have penetrated into the inner shrine of Beauty, and that their ranting and denunciation are the passwords for all the faithful. The less dangerous of the false worshippers is the extravagant one; his rattle will soon proclaim his emptiness. The other's pose, however, by its gravity is likely to pass for profound wisdom; and the young man, his intellect nurtured on the lore of the past, may readily fall in with the notion that no good comes out of the present. As if every past age was not at one time a present! Distrust of the living world, fear of new thoughts—this is not wisdom but cowardice. Against this, of all things, the seeker must be warned.

How foolish is all this horror of change! The world cannot progress by standing still. Smugly we say, "The old order changeth,

yielding place to new." But we are so comfortable just now; if you please, we had rather not be disturbed. We applaud revolutions of the past, but dread those of our own day. The French Revolution was a step forward for humanity—but the Russian Revolution! Who will say a word for the Irish rebels? How many who praise Wordsworth's poetic revolt will allow any merit in free verse? A tremendous deadweight of inertia lies upon our minds in all their activities. To those daring souls who have striven to displace this weight the world owes much. But for these "picked natures" we should keep our heads only on the sufferance of tyrants, distant lands would remain undiscovered, and literature would not rise above the popular insipidity of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. "Well, God be thanked for these rebels." When the world learns this wisdom from Jack Falstaff, it will think of rebellion more favourably.

Even if rebellions bring no good results they are, at any rate, symptoms of life. This is why thinking people applaud the impressionistic movement in Canadian painting, for so long as Canadian painting remained imitative it remained lifeless. We are the heirs of a long tradition of beauty in European art, but it is not our beauty; we can admire it and be influenced by it, but we cannot create it. We may get the color and the form, but not the living spirit, for the simple reason that our spirit—that intangible sum-total of our own ways of living, our own environment, and our own responses to our own problems—cannot be the spirit of other lands and other times. Imitative art is like a suit of armor propped up in the Tower of London; it is complete from helmet to armed heel, even with a sword in one glove and a shield in the other. But lift up the visor and all is emptiness. The form is complete, but within there is no life. It would well become Sir Rufus Broadsword, but Sir Algernon Broker looks better in a frock coat. No sensible man nowadays would write a play in the Shakespearean manner; the form would not give it the Shakespearean spirit, and, ten chances to one, it would be void of the modern spirit also. In painting, however, we demand still the forms of Titian, Reynolds and Corot. And the soul? We never think of that. We forget that all art not purely imitative is a living soul. Canadians have wanted a national art. It has come, but Canadians are disappointed because it is not stillborn. It might have been such a pretty form to look upon; but this baby screams fearfully, and sometimes coos engagingly. Canadian art is alive.

Must we then accept all that is new in the arts? Not by any means, but we must not be afraid of it; we must give it a chance. If it is healthy it will live and grow in beauty. Whatever is ugly will die of its own deformity. Looking at the human race from a distance, as on a large painting, we see little cause to fret; for somehow or other human nature, shaking off the ugliness that would cling, has blundered on from beauty to beauty. What if Canadian art be strident and coarse, so as it live? No matter how technically correct, de-

void of life it would decay; on the other hand, even though it be ugly, while it has a living spirit it must grow in loveliness.

Then what is all the fuss about? Whatever in Canadian art is deformed will die without the supercilious one's scorn and in spite of the ignorant one's gushing. Canada will have a great national art—whether in painting, sculpture, architecture, literature or music—only if Canadians be worthy of it. A work of art is beautiful because it bodies forth the beautiful spirit of its creator. If that spirit is the spirit of the nation, then the work of art may truly be called national. Let us not deceive ourselves into self-congratulation over art that is great only because its individual creators are great. It is ours only if our national life throbs with their spirit of beauty and nobility. We bother too much about the manifestations of our national soul. What of the soul itself? Is it big as the mountains, strong as the rivers, broad as the prairies, and sweet as our northern springtime? If this is the spirit that glows in Canada's factories, homes and colleges, we need not fear its manifestations, for then our art will be truly lovely and truly national.

—JOHN T. JONES.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

"Write something for the next issue," said the zealous and efficient treasurer, as he acknowledged receipt of my two dollars. For some weeks the matter was allowed to rest at that, more insistent and more imperative demands being made upon that most elusive of all my possessions—my time. Now, however, with the foot-hills steadily receding as I speed to Medicine Hat, there to await the pleasure of the law as a necessary witness in the case of the King versus So-and-So the request again obtrudes itself. The days and weeks slip by, as the lady has observed, like a knotless thread, but in the end these spectres always recur, bobbing up, apparently, out of limbo and will not be quieted. Of what shall I write? An editor, having at least a modicum of myocardial tissues, would have suggested a subject. Not so, however, a treasurer. These are open-minded gentry and leave one the wide, wide world from which to choose. What thought can one send from that section over which are spread the dubiously beneficent administrations of the Drought Area Relief Act to those who are, momentarily and geographically, more fortunately situated? This must of necessity be a personal document, the nature of my work leaving but little energy for abstract theses or considerations. The only mental possessions I have that might be of interest are recollections. Why not, then, a few reminiscences of those years when McCall was a slim youth, Dr. Sheldon a new-comer, the buffalo a not-too-dis-

tant memory and Fort Edmonton was in existence, the days, as Genesis says, "In the beginning?"

One recurs at once to the old, old days, the days of 1908, on a dripping afternoon ere ever the moon of examinations, as Roy Stevens later said, had ripened behind the Strathcona brewery and Athabasca Hall was as yet a blue-print. A group of us, infants in wisdom and years, if not in stature, having been duly excused from lectures at Alberta College (now Alberta College North) ploughed through the mud of the low-level route up to the old Odd-Fellows' Hall in Strathcona where the first convocation of the University of Alberta was to be held. What a scene it was. How spruce and withal how solemn were the entire twenty-eight members of the student body in their sombre gowns from which the packer's creases had not had time to depart. With what ardour did they give the yell, composed, if memory fails me not, the evening before. It was a historic day.

From the new gowns of '08 one's mind slips easily and inevitably to 1910 and L. Y. Cairns' gown of that eventful year. It consisted of two arm-holes surrounded by the irreducible minimum of material and joined by a sort of yoke from which depended some forty tatters (tatters is the only word which flew straight out behind Lawrence Yeucalyptus when, as was ever his wont, he traversed the halls at what would be in a 1923 motorist an illegal rate of speed. The blame for the gown's condition was laid by its owner at the doors of York Blayney, "Pinkie" White and Bob Copley in about equal proportions, he having been vanquished in fair catch-as-catch-can times without number by each of the trio. It is not my purpose, however, to revive ancient controversies and I shall pursue the matter no further. At some future date I hope to have the pleasure of explaining how it was that L. Y. found the material for his French letters of not less than a page each which were demanded weekly for some obscure purpose of Dean Kerr and French 3. Suffice it to say that I fell heir, in 1910, to the system he had employed with such marked success two years before. To allay any fears of the Department of Modern Languages I may state that it has since been revealed by me to no one.

There were many "first" things in 1910. One thinks of the first rugby team and of the devoted efforts of Muir Edwards on its behalf. One remembers that historic train on which we made the trip to Calgary for a Thanksgiving Day game and how no breakfast was had, either by the team or by the steadfast rooters who accompanied us. The engine died at almost every station between Lacombe and Calgary and with each giving up of the ghost our hopes died as well. There was also seven o'clock on Thanksgiving morning when John Sells, York Blayney and the writer ejected "Dad" Ottewell from our joint room onto the balcony of the 7th Avenue hotel clad in somewhat scantier garments than the rigors of the weather demanded. It was an abject suit for peace that "Dad" made before his re-admission. "Dad's" oratorical propensities frequently got him in (and out) of

trouble in those parlous days before he finally subjugated "Tiny" Woods of the Calgary Tigers and joined the Department of Extension where oratory is quite de rigueur. Then there was the first Gateway, headed by the same worthy. Among his more or less able assistants were L. Y. Cairns, the gifted Horace Miller, Harry (Paddy) Nolan and the writer. Paddy, Horace and I were joint sufferers and undistinguished students in the (then) affliction of Latin 3. To post-bellum graduates I may say that this course has lost much of its "punch" (or so goes the rumour) since the head of the department adopted the military hair-cut. I am fully convinced that it was for such as we that that hardy perennial Latin 31 was instituted! Only the other day Paddy was admitted to the bar in Calgary. It seems not much longer than the other day since he was leaning up against the wall in the corridor at the opening of the 1910 term when a very new and shiny freshman bustled up. "What are you taking?" asked the new one, with a sympathetic interest in the other's academic purpose. Paddy opened one eye and spoke, briefly and succinctly. "A rest," he said.

It was in 1910 that the Wrestling Club had its beginnings, the foster-fathers being Johnny Glenn, Seth Nelson and John Blackmore, the last of whom had three major occupations, scholar, wrestler and poet. In 1910, too, basketball first appeared, its particular luminaries Max Fife, Fred Parney, Percy Hotchkiss and Blayney. One thinks, in athletic connection, of that blithe Spring day when Jim McQueen, Hotchkiss, Jack Alton and the writer were getting in a little good drop-kicking practise in the draughting-room, with a real football, when there appeared at the head of the stairs—no less a person than H. M. Tory himself, more imbued, fortunately, with sorrow than anger. The duties of the President in those days were more varied if not so numerous as at present. Among them was the breaking up of a quiet game of poker at the Freshman Reception to the Sophomores in the Spring of 1911. The scandalized President remarked that he had never seen such a thing at such a function before. Neither, for that matter, had the participants. The young men of that era were nothing if not original and Terpsichore did not beckon so compellingly as nowadays.

One remembers Bumble and his mordant philosophies. In what fair haven is Bumble now? One also remember Walter Walker. Walter's wardrobe was the envy and despair of all his fellows, as was his pitching arm. Then there was the sad tale of how Deacon White lured us, by soft words and flattering speeches, to come over and play baseball against his Eskimos and of how soundly the professionals beat us. Fred Parney covered himself with glory on that far day when he hit one over the left-field fence that went foul only by inches. Recollections come back of Theatre Night, and the Science flowers, and Urquhart, who afterwards served with much distinction in the war. One further remembers Initiation Day and how advantageous it was to be a member of the football team and how half of Munro's moustache

was removed and the other half left on. One harks back to the 16-1 victory in hockey over our hereditary enemies from Saskatchewan at Saskatoon in which Goodridge, Dean, Dobson and the late Court May played such leading parts and thereby forgets several later and less palatable results.

Academic matters come crowding back, too, such as A. S. Cummings' 105 in Greek 1, the extra five being, we all thought, an expression of the professor's astonishment that anyone should be able to write a perfect paper—in Greek. There were also the memorable difficulties of McPhail Waggett and Walter Davidson with Algebra 1. Then there are irrelevant memories of such things as George Misener's ankle in "Julius Caesar" and L. Y.'s pronouncement thereon. "Nifty" I think was the adjective employed. I well recall another Spring-like day in 1911 on which I made the first application to Mr. Race, who was then room-renter as well as Registrar, for a room in the then-unfinished Athabasca Hall for the next term. The one chosen was 201 and by the whim of Fate it was 1916 before I had a chance to see it. Then it proved to be execrably heated!

The limitations of space preclude me spinning these reminiscences out to greater lengths, though the tale (if one might for a moment revert to Ade for aid) of The Young Man Who Was Thrown Into The Sacred Wauneita Room and What Came Out clamours for retelling. During 1922 I have formed a few convictions, to wit:

(1) The best book I read in considerable and miscellaneous delving during that year was "Lavengro."

(2) There are no brassie lies on the ordinary Alberta country fairway.

(3) If Henry Ford is the reincarnation of King Tutan-Khamen he is playing true to form in one respect, namely that like his royal soul-fellow he occupies entirely too much space in the public prints.

(4) The greater part of human effort is futile. (This last after watching nine young men vainly endeavouring to hit the fast one and the curve of the talented "Dodger" Lewis, nominally of Calgary, and after seeing the fuss made by Andrew Gump when he thought he had swallowed bichloride of mercury).

In closing I may say that it is my hope and desire, at some date when time permits, to write of two of the three subjects nearest to my heart:

(2) The Colyum.

(3) The Lure of The Small Town.

These will, under no circumstances, be submitted until Roy Stevens has broken his silence again and W. S. MacDonald has sent the editor

some poetry. Enough is enough but too much, as the Indian observed to the purveyor of illicit liquor, is plenty. These young men have an obvious duty to perform. If Bill Seyer, too, could be induced to write his memoirs we should all benefit materially thereby when they were finally released for publication and the mirth of the world would be considerably augmented.

—A. L. CALDWELL.

THIS FREEDOM

Hutchinson

At the end of that very unpleasant book, "This Freedom," Mr. Hutchinson ships Huggo, one of his least attractive characters, out to Canada. His career in England had been rather grimy, but apparently the young blackguard turns over a new leaf. At any rate we are told that he writes to his parents every week. This is very edifying, and in its way a compliment to Canada. But, after all, Mr. Hutchinson is probably mistaken about Huggo. My own opinion is he died at sea. He could never have stood the voyage, for even in England he was never more than half-alive. In fact the whole family was sickly. It would have been much simpler to have ended the youth in his native land, and Mr. Hutchinson shows such a pretty talent in killing off his characters one wonders why he went to the trouble of putting Huggo on board ship. The other son, Benjie, was run over by the underground; why should Huggo not have crashed in an aeroplane?

However that may be, and even if Huggo never reached this country, this is no excuse for Mr. Hutchinson. His intentions were of the worst, even if he was unable to carry them out. This deporting of undesirables to Canada or Australia is an old trick of English novelists. It is time to protest against this policy. We do not want any more Huggos. If these persons must be converted, let the job be done in England. Why should Canada be turned into a reformatory for the convenience of a few novelists?

Dickens was also a genial sinner in this way, though, of course, it is not intended to suggest that Dickens, with his mid-Victorian methods, is an artist like Mr. Hutchinson. Still he did anticipate this device of Mr. Hutchinson's. He unloaded Micawber in Australia and assures us that he became a revered magistrate; and in Australia too even the inefficient Mr. Mell prospered and became what is now called "a leading educationalist." Mrs. Gaskell goes so far in one of

her novels as to send two of her personages to Toronto, and she seems to imply that in Toronto one cannot fail to be prosperous, virtuous and happy.

Surely our Canadian writers manage these matters better. Ralph Connor can take the toughest miner or lumberman and regenerate him off hand. No ocean voyage is needed; the trick is done at home. This is the only decent way. Fortunately, however, there are so few undesirable characters in our literature that not many of these violent conversions are necessary. But if our wholesome homebred personages are to be exposed to contact with these English emigrants, the result may be disastrous. It is not easy to be angry at such a popular writer as Mr. Hutchinson, but really if he must make persons like Huggo he should see to it that they are consumed (or converted) on the premises.

—R. K. GORDON.

A VOLUME OF POEMS

The recent undergraduate Poetry Competition was so successful that the University of Alberta Writers' Club now proposes a new venture—to publish a book of poems by students and graduates of the University. If poems in sufficient number and of sufficient quality are submitted at the opening of the Fall term, the publication will be proceeded with and the little book will appear in time for Christmas. We may surprize ourselves; who knows? Now is the time to get to work.

Anyone interested may secure further information by corresponding with Mr. John T. Jones, Department of English, University of Alberta.

Office Phone 4581

Res. Phone 2200

HUGH E. STANTON, B.A., LL.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor and
Notary Public

Pelton, Archibald & Stanton
720 Tegler Building

EDMONTON,
Alberta

THE DRAMA CIRCLE

In response to a letter in the July issue of this magazine a number of the members of our association met to form a club for the study and production of plays. This group is an auxiliary of the Alumni Association which has framed the constitution and rules by which the work of the group is conducted. The name "Players' Club" has been adopted in order that the production side of the work may be emphasized, but at present the study of drama is the main interest. In order that the efficiency of any production may be increased it has been decided to admit to the membership of the club some who although not alumni are capable amateur players. The membership is limited to 25 and there are at present 16 members.

One of the first needs of such a club is a collection of plays, with a sufficient number of copies of each play to make it available for public reading. It is hoped that before next term a beginning will be made of building up such a library. Meanwhile we avail ourselves of the excellent collection of plays in the library of the University's Department of Extension. From this source we obtained copies of "What Every Woman Knows" for our first meeting. The discussion of Barrie's play, however, soon showed that if a critical appreciation of recent drama was to be gained, a more direct acquaintance with Ibsen was required. So to Ibsen we went.

The idea at first was to read a play representative of the feminist movement and "Hedda Gabler" was chosen. It was not such an easy play to begin with as "A Doll's House" or "The Lady from the Sea" would have been. But no study of serious English drama during the last thirty years, from "The Second Mrs. Tangueray" to "The Skin Game," would be possible without reference to Ibsen's prototype: It is for one thing one of Ibsen's great plays in construction and management of plot and dialogue. The perfect economy and directness of dialogue with its sense of quality and yet of unerring naturalness; the logical attainment of climax and its tragic outcome; the abandonment of stage-tricks of coincidences, asides, soliloquies; the avoidance of eavesdropping or disclosure of plot by servants' gossip; these constitute on the technical side the revolutionary character of Ibsen's genius in creating the modern drama of realism. Even in these respects he has not been excelled, and (of English dramatists) only Drinkwater, Barker, and Galsworthy have approached him.

But Ibsen's pre-eminence is not based on technical mastery alone; it is by his profound insight into the springs of character that he dominates modern drama. This was clearly brought out in "Rosmersholm." There all the leading ideas of his criticism of life are found in an intricate harmony—his insistence on the value of the individual, his aristocratic leaning, his obsession by the idea of heredity, his presentation of the feminist claims, his portrayal of the tragic consequences of weakness of will. There is no more searching analysis

of character in modern drama than Rebecca West. A comparison of "Rosmersholm" with (say) "The Skin Game" shows Ibsen's quality. In Galsworthy's play the plot is worked out by the complications of social bigotry and class prejudice; the play goes forward to its necessary climax by the momentum of the conflict of social opposites. In Ibsen there is little or no material basis, the climax is only in character development, the plot hardly goes forward at all. The unfolding, step by step, of Rebecca's past leads to the tragic collapse. In this manner of working backward rather than forward "Rosmersholm" like "Ghosts" has often been compared with "Oedipus Rex." But the similarity need not be stressed. Except in this respect it is futile to compare Ibsen's drama with that of the Greeks. Ibsen took the men and women of his own time, acting under the impulse of their new scientific and sociological ideas. In such types as Rebecca West and Mrs. Alving and Dr. Stockmann the spiritual struggles of his age found supreme expression. In these drama still retains some of its ancient religious strain.

For such drama we cannot go to our places of entertainment. Anyone who has read such plays as "Hedda Gabler" or "Rosmersholm" feels that they are not only beyond the capacity of the ordinary theatre audience, but also beyond the intellectual reach of nearly all our players. For this reason alone we are not likely to make acquaintance with the plays in our theatres, and study of them by such groups as that of our Players' Club is all the more desirable.

Desirable, that is to say, if we regard modern drama to be worthy of serious attention as a matter of culture. We are too apt simply to bracket art and play. Of all forms of art drama comes nearest to life. The dramatist is your true philosopher. In the theatre you contemplate the hidden springs of character, you get a glimpse of the eternal values. To this, true drama is always aspiring. For this we go back to Ibsen as to the Greeks and Shakespeare.

JAS. ADAM.

BARRISTERS
SOLICITORS
NOTARIES

Woods, Sherry, Collison and Field

Woods, Sherry, Macalister and Craig

S. B. WOODS, K.C.

S. W. FIELD, K.C.

J. C. SHERRY.

J. MACALISTER.

J. T. COLLISON.

W. D. CRAIG.

J. D. O. MOTHERSILL

Offices—Ninth Floor, MacLeod Bldg., Edmonton

Sparks from the Anvil of the Treasurer

R. T. Hollies

It has been a great pleasure to your Treasurer to receive the many cheerful letters from our members—not to speak of the Two Dollar bill which was usually pinned across the corner. It is an equal pleasure to pass along the news thus received to others of our number. Our only regret is that even a larger number of our members have not sent in a few lines. They are hereby reminded that the Treasurer's address is still c/o University of Alberta and that he will be there all summer.

Howard Emery dropped us a line in his usual cheery style giving his address as 1722 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. Howard is studying law at Harvard.

R. J. Gaunt sends a few crisp lines from Athabasca, Alta., where he is Provincial School Inspector. As yet the axe has not fallen heavily on R. J. He also mentions that C. P. Hotchkiss was working on Dominion Topographical Survey in that district last summer. This is the first direct news of Hotch for some months.

Lockhart, Alta. is fortunate in having secured Miss Ethel Steele as a teacher for the current session. Miss Ivy Steele is teaching at Wayne, Alta., and appreciates her copy of the "Trail."

The Rev. T. H. Wright, B.A., formerly of Golden, B.C., has accepted charge of the Beaconsfield Methodist Church, Slovan Street, Vancouver. As an interesting example of the work which the University does for its graduates after they leave the halls, it might be mentioned here that Mr. Wright recently gave an address on "How the New Testament Came to Us" in his church parlors. The address was illustrated by a variety of slides furnished by the Department of Ex-

tension of the University and Mr. Wright gratefully acknowledges much valuable material received from Dean Jackson of Alberta College.

Mr. S. B. Smith has left the firm of Emery, Newell, Ford & Co., and is now junior member of the firm Van Allen, Simpson & Smith, with offices in the Empire Block.

A letter from Dr. W. F. Ferrier, 32 St. Andrews Gardens, Toronto, causes us to remember the excellent service which he did for the University during the session 1914-15. All our graduates and undergraduates should know that it is to Dr. Ferrier that we are indebted for a large part of the splendid collection of minerals which now reposes in the University's Geological Museum.

Dr. A. L. Caldwell sends a word of appreciation for the "Trail." Not only that, but he has given us a few pages in his best style which will be found elsewhere in this issue. His address is Empress, Alta.

Miss H. B. Tillotson is teaching in the Hillhurst School, Calgary. Her address is 634 5th Avenue West, Calgary.

Mrs. Barker Fairley's address is 22 Kendall Ave., Toronto. Dr. Fairley is still with the University of Toronto.

Carl A. Scholl is still with the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill. He is engaged partly in teaching and partly in securing his M.S.

An interesting letter has been received by Mr. Race from Dr. William Berry (M.A. Alta. '18) now with the Department of Psychology at the University of Rochester. Berry spent Christmas in Boston and saw the McGill hockey team play several American teams there. "Slim" Morris was playing goal for the McGill boys. Berry adds "The Boston papers

asserted that Alberta was in British Columbia, but that is the sort of thing one has to become used to—or go mad!" Dr. Berry is thoroughly enjoying his new work and concludes by sending kindest regards to all his old friends in Alberta.

Berry sends along the news that E. T. Mitchell and Miss Grace Stewart have both received their Doctor's degrees from the University of Chicago, the former in Mathematics and the latter in Geology.

Berry also tells us that E. G. Keller has left Axtell, Kansas, and is now teaching somewhere in Illinois. If these lines should catch Keller's eye, we would appreciate a more definite address.

The Alumni Association has been out of touch with S. C. Railcliffe, 201 N. McCullough Ave., Urbana, Ill., for some considerable time until this session. His long letter shows the ease with which our members can become separated from the Association. How much better it would be for us all if we could keep a closer touch. The Alumni Association is trying to do its part by the publication of the "Trail" and by frequent circulars but we are helpless unless the individual member will lend a little co-operation. If you don't drop us an occasional line telling us of change of address and occupation, we are helpless—but, of course, we are blamed for not letting you know what is going on.

Miss Dorothy Stafford, 603 5th Ave. South, Lethbridge, has just completed a business course and is now looking for a suitable position.

Miss Nathalie Erdmann is teaching in the Raymond Public and High school. I wonder if one has to play championship basketball to find work in that Southern town?

J. E. Meagher has little to say for himself, but comes through with his fees ahead of time. That says a lot for him. He has

moved from Yonkers to Marsden, Sask. Are you coming up to see us this Convocation, J. E.?

Miss Kathleen Terrill is teaching at Coalhurst, Alta. Fees ahead of time also say a great deal for Miss Terrill.

Miss Constance E. McLaughlin has changed her address to Spruce Grove, Alberta. As a token of appreciation for the "Trail" Miss McLaughlin contributed her two dollars.

Dr. Jos. L. Jackson is now practising medicine in Edmonton. He seems to be enjoying life to the full.

Misses Jean and Christine McQueen send in their fees from their home address but otherwise do not throw much light on their actions. As mentioned below, Miss Jean McQueen has been attending the Edmonton Normal School since Christmas.

Walker Dunham writes from 314 12 St. South, Lethbridge. It will be remembered that Dunham was Rhodes Scholar for 1920. He had to give up his work at Oxford on account of a nervous breakdown caused by over study. He gives his sister's address as College Hall, Byng Place, Gordon Square, London, W.C. 1, England.

Jos. E. Kirk is in charge of a church at Wellsdale, Alta. He is following out work for his B.D. from the University. In spite of this, he finds time for an occasional visit to Edmonton.

It is a long time since we have heard from Prof. W. D. Woodhead. He is Professor of Greek at University College, Toronto.

Fred G. Young is located at To-field, Alta. We think he should come over to the University occasionally on his visits to Edmonton.

We are sorry to have to report that George Hipkin has been seriously ill for many months. We hope that he is by now on the way to recovery and able to resume his work at Carstairs, Alta.

Alex. Cook has received his A.M. from Harvard where he is now a member of the staff of the

Mathematics Department. He has been awarded the Shattuck Scholarship for 1923-24.

Miss Helen J. Hotson is teaching in Lacombe, Alta., and writes a very loyal letter to us.

Miss Utah Cain and Miss Marjorie Hotson are located in Lloydminster. There are nearly enough of our members in the border town to form a local. What about it?

John P. Suttill reports in from Cereal, Alta. That's another town that should have a local. What about it, John?

Mrs. W. C. Cory (Gladdis Johnston) has moved to Brooks, Alta.

F. M. Quance writes from Regina, where he is a member of the Provincial Normal School Staff. Thanks for the Two Dollars.

J. W. Bainbridge has charge of the Albany Ave. Methodist Church and is taking his first class teacher's certificate at the Edmonton Normal in his 'spare' time.

E. W. Phillips is a worker at Langdon, Alta. We appreciate his help during the year and would like to hear more about him.

Miss Elizabeth Teviotdale is teaching French in the Camrose High School.

Miss Helen Bryan backs her work with cash. She is at Ogden, Alta.

Three of last year's graduates are on the staff of the Wetaskiwin High School, Miss Margaret Villy, Miss Eva McKittrick and Monroe McLeod. Another town which should have a local.

William Forshaw has moved from Sibbald, Alta., to Brooks.

Cecil Tapp is with the Dominion Seed Branch, Calgary, and G. L. Flack is following Ph.D. work at the University of Minnesota.

Wm. Sykes, M.A., B.D., is pastor of the Union Church, Craigmyle, Alta. Cheerful Bill sends his help as usual.

Archie McGillivray is at Bri-

tannia Mines, B.C., where he is now shift boss for three most important working levels, and two haulage levels, with sixty men under his charge. This mine is probably the biggest copper producer on the coast and has a new concentrating mill of 2,500 tons daily capacity.

Miss Ruth Williams is teaching at Stettler, Alta.

Dr. W. F. Gillespie writes from Toronto General Hospital with a few kind words for the work of the Association. Are the Alberta men to hold another reunion there this spring?

T. H. Wells is practicing law at Munson, Alta.

A. T. Kemp is assistant instructor in Field Husbandry at the Olds Agricultural College where he is working like a Trojan.

G. B. Sandford gives his address as 1393 Cleveland Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota. Sandford is attending the University there.

Miss Lucile Pentland is following post graduate work in Education at the University of Toronto. Her address is 177 College St., Toronto.

Charlie Bremner is inspector of schools at Grand Prairie. We would like to hear a little more from him.

Miss Margaret Moore gives her address as 4 Georgina Court, Calgary. Miss Moore is still with the Calgary Collegiate Institute.

Miss Minnie Sutor is teaching at Red Willow, Alberta.

Fred Batson paid Edmonton a flying visit not long ago. He is well and busy, and looked prosperous. Other than that we gleaned little news. He promised to send us an authentic address as soon as he returned to the States.

Among our most faithful supporters is Gordon L. ("Captain") Kidd. This genial engineer never fails with his two dollars about this time of year. He is still at Drumheller.

The following graduates of the University of Alberta have been

in attendance since Christmas at the special short Normal Course in the Highlands Normal School, Edmonton: The Misses Lola Ferguson, Jean McQueen, Katie McCrimmon, Ethel Steele, Alethea Wood, Minnie Wershof and Daphne Koenig; Messrs. James D. Adam, E. N. Davis, Clarke L. Gordon, P. A. Miskew, J. Bainbridge and D. F. Pegrum.

A special concession from the Rhodes Scholarship Committee has been granted to Mr. Kemper Hammond Broadus, B.A. '22. Broadus was an unsuccessful candidate for the Rhodes Scholarship last fall but his qualifications in the line of English Literature and original writing were of so high an order that the local Committee felt that some representation to the Central Committee in England should be made.

The suggestion was favorably received and Broadus will leave here next September to spend two years in the Honours School of English at Oxford. He has already published considerable poetry in Canadian and American magazines and hopes to continue writing as well as studying whilst overseas. This year he holds the Bishop Memorial Fellowship in English at the University of Alberta, the first appointment since that of the late Mr. Hosford in 1915.

Miss K. Ferguson is teaching in the Edmonton Technical School. She is living in Pembina Hall.

A. W. Matthews (B.Sc. in Pharm. '21) has been engaged as demonstrator in the School of Pharmacy.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths

BIRTHS

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Scholl (B.S.A. Alta.)—a daughter, Elaine Marie, November 8th, 1922, at Urbana, Ill. (Mrs. Scholl was formerly Miss Helen Haig, a licentiate in Pharmacy, U. of A.).

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. S. Hurlburt (nee Helena Barclay)—a son, at Vegreville, Alta.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Hollies, a son, at 11049 University Ave., Edmonton, on October 18, 1922.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lewis, a son, at Mountain Park, Alta., March 4th, 1923.

MARRIAGES

Wilson-Langfeldt — Mr. Henry Jackson Wilson (B.A. '15) to Miss Edith Audrey Langfeldt, in Holy Trinity Church, Edmonton, on February 1, 1923.

McCullough-Schade — Dr. John Thomas McCullough to Caroline Avanell Schade (Phm. Lic.) in Winnipeg, Man., February 27th.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

1923—Session—24

Offers Instruction in the Following

- Arts and Sciences**—Leading to the Degree of B.A. and B.Sc. in Arts.
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- Medicine**—A six-year course; admission Grade XII or First Year Arts. Arrangements have been made with McGill and Toronto to accept our student ad eundem at the end of their fourth or fifth years.
- Dentistry**—Under the Faculty of Medicine, a pre-dental year and two years of instruction are offered in Dentistry. Students may then complete their third and fourth years at the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, or at McGill.
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- Agriculture**—A three-year course leading to the degree of B.S.A., following upon the work of the Provincial Schools of Agriculture, and a four-year course leading to the degree of B.S.A., following upon Junior Matriculation.
- Law**—A three-year course leading to the Degree of LL.B. Lecture course occupying complete time of students are now given at the University. The case method is followed along the lines of Harvard Law School. On completion of this course and conferring of the degree, one year's service under articles will admit to the Bar. Grade XII or First Year Arts required for admission.
- Household Economics**—A four-year course leading to the Degree of B.Sc. in Household Economics and a three-year course, following upon the work of the Provincial Schools of Agriculture, leading to the degree of B.H.Ec.
- Commerce**—A four-year course leading to the Degree of B.Com.
- Graduate Work**—Leading to the Degrees of M.A. and M.Sc. in Arts, B.Educ., and B.D.

For a complete Calendar apply to—

CECIL E. RACE,

Registrar,

Edmonton, Alberta.



